PRESCRIPTION FOR CONGRESS . . . By Lindsay Rogers

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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by Robert Henriques
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by H. L. Mencken
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"SOUTH OF THE CONGO"
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Reviewed by Emil Lengyel

"JAKE HOME"
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Reviewed by Benjamin Appel

"PUSHKIN: A COLLECTION OF ARTICLES AND ESSAYS ON THE GREAT POET"
Reviewed by Manya Gordon

ROBERT HENRIQUES (author of "The Voice of the Trumpet") has "translated a remarkable number of war's moods into literature of a high order." (See page 5)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Prescription for Congress

"War Properly Makes Country Anxious About Its Legislature"

LINDSAY ROGERS

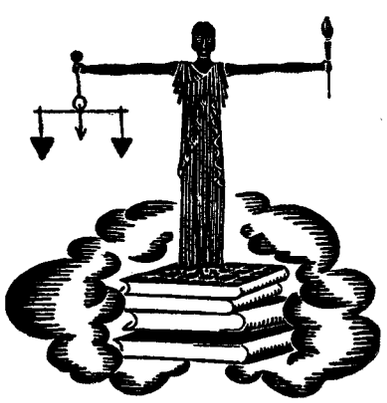
SINCE the end of the New Deal honeymoon — and particularly since the United States went to war—voices have queried what Congress was doing or failing to do and its standing with the country. Was it acting the role that the Founding Fathers would have intended it to act in an airplane rather than a horse-and-buggy age? Was it speaking the lines that it should speak? A war cannot be waged by a legislative assembly, but legislators from different sections of a vast country can perform useful tasks. They can constitute a forum for the debate of great policies and for the prodding or checking of the executive. Their meeting together can assure the country that the necessarily enormous authority of the President-Commander-in-Chief has legislative support and is subjected to legislative tempering. War properly makes a country anxious about its legislature. The legislators should be even more anxious. There was little anxiety in France. At the time of the Narvik debate the House of Commons made it possible to save Britain. What of the American Congress?

The November elections swelled the Republican minorities in the House of Representatives and the Senate and made scattered voices a chorus. It peals out from the ivory towers of universities. The austere but not exclusive American Political Science Association has appointed a committee to consider the problem of Congress and has suggested its unawareness of the French proverb: "Si le bon Dieu avait chargé un comité de créer le monde, le chaos régnerait encore." From within Congress itself, proposals are made of self-examination. We have had commissions on the reorganization of the executive branch of the government; why not a commission to inquire into Congressional procedure? Congress has been firm in saying to the President that it would not give him additional war powers to suspend tariff and immigration laws, but this negative attitude furnishes meager comfort to the puzzled solons who make speeches and write magazine articles. There is agreement on only one point: that unless there are some modifications of procedure and changes of mores, the disunion between executive and legislature may become more acute and the situation will worsen.

For Mr. Roland Young's book* the timing could not have been better. The author, who has watched Congressional behavior not only from an ivory tower but from the staff of an important Senate committee — and, also, I doubt not, as a member of the American Political Science Association — is well equipped to tell us about Congress: as it is now and as it should be. He has written an interesting and suggestive book, but as is frequently the case with political physicians his diagnosis of the ailment is more convincing than his prescription for the cure seems promising.

In successive chapters on what Congress is supposed to do: who thinks up the laws; who has power to do what; how bills get passed; the atmosphere that Congress lives in; how it knows what is happening and how it spends the money, Mr. Young gives a clear and unsensational description of the burden of Congressional labors and of the extent of Congressional frustration. Congress in short cannot have a gratifying feeling that its duty has been done.

**THIS IS CONGRESS. By Roland Young. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. xiv, 267 pp. $2.75.*



Others have made the same diagnosis that Mr. Young outlines: the absence of any effective leadership in respect of general policy; inability to use the weapon of party discipline; the segmentation of both chambers into a hundred committees which impose tremendous drains on the time of representatives and senators but doom them to count trees. They do so much counting that they are unable to look at the woods in which they work, let alone the forest as a whole. If the representative or senator takes his committee work seriously and if he handles the mean and petty business which the demands of his constituents impose upon him, he has less time than the average citizen to inform himself of and meditate on the contours of high policy. Rarely can he have a feeling that the triviality of the business is raised by the dignity of the object; for rarely does debate get away from details into the realm of principle.

CONGRESS no longer determines the size of the statute book. There is now more executive than congressional legislation. Appropriations committees and their sub-committees insist on economies of a few thousands here and there (and if they did not, nobody would) but they and their chambers vote billions almost blindly. In each of the houses four major committees deal with matters relating to the conduct of the war. Each house has military and naval affairs committees and two appropriations sub-committees. A horde of investigating committees is always at work—twenty different ones have had War Production Board officers before them—but they do no more than examine the stable and recommend locking the door after the horse has been stolen. The country worries and Congress chafes because there is no previous discussion of bureaucratic decisions which may abruptly impinge on citizens who demand not that their

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regimentation be less but only that it be more intelligently conceived.

Mr. Young's prescription is a homeopathic one. He would improve budgetary procedure. He would reduce the number of committees to nine or ten in each house with their chairmen chosen by the caucus instead of emerging as they now do by reason of seniority, which, although infrequently synonymous with senility, provides no safeguard against mediocrity. His committee chairmen would be a political group known as the legislative cabinet. This would seek to give Congress some leadership, and, in dealing with the President, would institutionalize the informal and spasmodic relationships now existing between the White House and the Capitol. Mr. Young seems slightly enamoured of the glib proposal that Congress can be helped by giving it more expert staffing. Congress is already elaborately staffed at a cost of nearly seven millions annually. On matters like taxation and appropriations it has excellent experts. But to give it a staff of naval and military pundits who would earn their salaries by challenging the proposals of the War and Navy Departments would add evil to confusion. Could experts enable Congress to be more intelligent on Selective Service or manpower mobilization or lower trade barriers? It is the business of legislatures to pass on matters of general policy—to debate and decide between clashing principles. W. S. Gilbert was flattering as well as making fun of the House of Lords when he said that it withheld its legislative hand because "the noble peers, they do not itch, to interfere with matters which, they cannot understand."

On whether his prescription will be accepted, Mr. Young is not overly optimistic. His pessimism is justified. Legislative assemblies are notoriously reluctant to change their rules of procedure. Indeed, the standing orders of parliamentary assemblies, which frequently have more importance in determining the way in which a government operates than does a constitution itself, are more rigid than a constitution which, for amendment, requires a special machinery of change. The prominence and prerequisites of committee chairmanships will convince their possessors that the Republic would be threatened if their number was reduced by four-fifths.

But there is another evil. The House of Commons must contain just as many demagogues as there are in the American Congress. British parliamentary procedure, however, dooms them to blush unheard. Infrequently are they able to catch the speaker's eye and become articulate. Even before the paper shortage, the press refused to be a forum which gave a seeming but fleeting importance to persons whose opinions were interesting only because they were so odd. Without a drastic revision of the rules covering debate in the House and in the Senate; without insistence on germaneness, which would put in the hands of the Speaker and the Vice President greater powers than either chamber is likely to yield, a handful of crackpots will continue to keep Congress from gaining the standing with the country that it deserves.

NOR is there likely to be any immediate change in another respect. Woodrow Wilson once told Congress that he did not want to be "a mere department of the government hailing Congress from some isolated island of jealous power." The separation of the executive and the legislature which the American constitution requires, and the absence of collective responsibility in the executive branch, make jealous islands of power almost inevitable. They are good breeding grounds for suspicion. When, in January 1939, as Mr. Young recounts, President Roosevelt talked frankly to some senators and representatives about the present situation, leaks were almost instantaneous. Had or had not the President said that our frontier was on the Rhine? When the President wishes to put proposals before the country he frequently uses the press rather than Congress and lets senators and representatives become angry because they are no more favored than an ordinary newspaper reader. No change of standing orders can establish mutual confidence.

Of Mr. Young's book some reviewer will certainly say that it should be read by every representative and senator. The advice will be sound, but I suggest that two recent House of Commons papers, one costing tuppence and the other sixpence, are even more deserving of congressional scrutiny and study because they demonstrate that collaboration between a legislature and departments endeavoring to make total war can be genuine and successful. The two documents are Reports of the Select Committee on National Expenditure.

The House of Commons set this body up shortly after the war broke out and charged it with the duty of examining "the current expenditure defrayed out of moneys provided by Parliament for the Defence Services, for Civil Defence and for other services directly connected with the war." That limitation has not hampered the Committee. For three years it has covered nearly the whole field of British administration, adhering to the emphasis it began with: that it is a more important

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A Philosopher-Soldier at Work

THE VOICE OF THE TRUMPET. By Robert Henriques. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1943. 184 *pp.* $2.

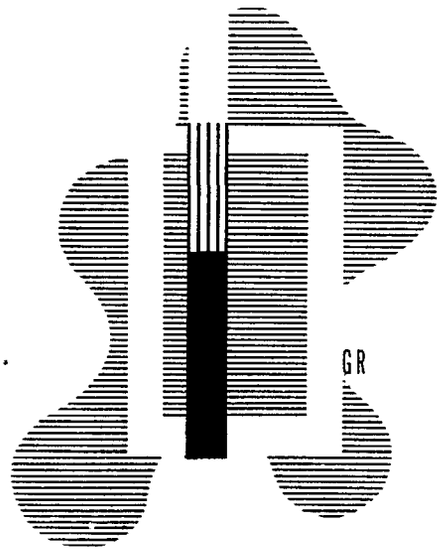
Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

IN Robert Henriques's "No Arms, No Armour," winner of a fifteen thousand dollar prize in 1940, we met up with an original writer and an unusual novel. "The Voice of the Trumpet" is even more unusual, and in it Colonel Henriques's originality, of both thought and language, is even more richly displayed. As yet, so far as I know, it has won no prizes, but it would have to be ranked high in any competition open, not merely to recent books about war but to all the books that have been written about war. From which it must appear that its qualities, while commanding instant recognition, have persuaded at least one reviewer of their probable endurance.

Like all extraordinary writing, "The Voice of the Trumpet" will have to find out its fit readers: no ready-made audience waits for it, as for more conventional compositions. Persons who must classify a book precisely, before enjoying it, will be sadly puzzled. And those who are not at ease with poetry will not be comfortable, for this book moves from prose into poetry and back—or, as Steve Benét so well says in his preface, the poems "rise out of the prose and return to it, as a jet of water rises from a fountain"—and even when the apparent texture is that of prose, the idiom and the tension are often those of poetry: there is, on almost every page, that concentration of communicable experience which poetry alone permits. Nor will readers who cannot distinguish between truly elevated writing and artificial writing be happy in Colonel Henriques's company. But "The Voice of the Trumpet" will find its fit readers, and the number of them will increase as the nature and worth of its author's achievement become more and more widely known.

In "No Arms, No Armour," he wrote of the education, military and otherwise, of Tubby Windrush, officer and gentleman in the regular peacetime British Army of 1928-30. Now he writes of the thoughts and feelings and memories of men who have answered the call of the brazen trumpet and left the plain of peace for the mountain of war. He writes of action, too, but sparingly. Within the narrative frame of a British Commando raid on a nameless Norwegian objective, Colonel Henriques, himself a Commando leader and a staff officer at Combined Operations Headquarters, is almost entirely concerned with matters of man's mind, his living pulse, and his spirit. Incidents are really incidental. Chronology does not matter: the past, present, and future of the action meet and merge, as do prose and poetry in the writing, to become one and indivisible. What the mountain does to men of the plain, how they think of the plain when they are on the mountain, what they mean to themselves, what is meaningful to them, and how they seek to understand and to express these meanings—these are the themes of this poet-philosopher-soldier.

He speaks through the character or mask of "Smith, the captain"—poet, gardener and fisherman, whose "ears had heard the call of the trumpet, quick and urgent; his eyes had seen the first brief flutter of the banner; and to these symbols his heart had responded with passion, and his mind with bitter revolt; yet he had hastened to the mountain"—but the voice is, beyond doubting, the true voice of Colonel Robert Henriques. Of Smith himself, we learn in Smith's words; and it is through his imagination that we enter the bodies and minds of his companions: the sergeant-major; Jones, the subaltern; Barnes, the communist corporal; Hunt, the private from the slums. He speaks for them, as he knows he can, by virtue of a shared experience, "making no accurate copy of their words and thoughts and their specific actions; but giving, nevertheless, the broad sketch, the melody, the rhythm of all that they suffer and hope." But he does not pretend to speak in their personal languages, for, as he explains, his own is the only language that he can speak with "easy sincerity." He knows that the place held in his memory by a hackled fly is held in another's memory, and very being, by a model ship, or a stamp collection, or a dog. But, however the symbols or elements vary, the experience of plain and mountain is held in common. "Our voices are pitched in harmony and no one can know which one of us carries the burden of the song at any specific moment; or even which of us sings, and which is silent."



And so, through the words of Smith, the captain (given him by Henriques, the lieutenant-colonel), we come gradually to know these men who have answered the call of the trumpet, the brazen voice of authority. We come to know their most hidden selves, and the moods and moments of war. We come to know them through probing thought, exquisite sensitivity, and literary mastery. Cynicism has its say, but not the last say, and the final voice that is heard is a voice "truly kingly and splendid"—a voice greater than that of the trumpet.

Along the way we linger over phrases, images, intuitions, elaborated ideas. The lit window above the fiord, just before the attack, arrests us; as does the picture of the Cirencester streets in the morning mist. We smile over the description of the seagoing soldier, nod our heads in agreement at the soundness of Jones's observations on the indignities of military life, ponder the novel theory of "the sin of the apple;" and, while reading the tale of the two-pound trout, realize that we are reading a miniature masterpiece. We suffer as the full meaning of a curtailed embarkation leave is brought home to us: "This reduction of a bounty whose sum had long been totalled and apportioned by each individual recipient, was a neat refinement of what they had proved they could do to you." And we test many a speculative or poetic web, only to find that it will bear a heavy weight. But, whatever the pleasures or profits of the way, the whole grows steadily more impressive as we proceed. Until, at the last, any reader who has known even a little of war will be ready to bear witness that Colonel Henriques has translated a remarkable number of war's moods and moments into literature of a high order. And this is high accomplishment.

"The Voice of the Trumpet" is a book that might possibly be shouldered from sellers' counters by crowding, hurried jobs of tough, factual reporting. Because it is worth a thousand such, this must not be allowed to happen.

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A Satan Among Sinners

HEATHEN DAYS, 1890-1936. By H. L. Mencken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. 299 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

NO title could be more accurate. In this volume H. L. Mencken rolls and frolics in sin as a cat abandons itself to a catnip bed. Gluttony, beer-drinking, practical jokes, Italian opera, attendance on Democratic national conventions, and other high crimes fill the pages; all detailed with bland unrepentance, nay, with positive exultation. We meet here that pagan Mencken who long ago explained, in his bellicose essay "On Being An American," just why he was frigidly unresponsive when Henry James, Ezra Pound, Harold Stearns, and various Greenwich Village refugees issued their trumpet-calls to the corn-fed intelligentsia to flee the shambles. He loved being a philistine, for "to be happy I must be

a. Well-fed, unhounded by sordid cares, at ease in Zion.
b. Full of a comfortable feeling of superiority to the masses of my fellow-men.
c. Delicately and unceasingly amused according to my taste.

There was a time when Mencken, like the fighting Puritans he affected to hate but really admired, was always on the warpath. Denouncing all causes as posh and all uplift as blah, he was himself the most impeccable crusader in the land; his lance never couched in the fight against boobs, hypocrites, and above all else tyrants. The eloquence of his diatribes against mob-rule was equalled only by the fury of his invectives against class-rule or boss-rule. As a matter of fact, what he really wanted was the liberty of our good old American democracy, the civil rights of the Maryland Free State, combined with the intellectual standards and artistic tastes of (let us say) Florence in Medicean days. Because this combination is hard to get, he was constantly fleshing his blade in some doughty opponent. His scarifying assaults were a refreshing and valuable spectacle in the days of Coolidge and Hoover. But the intense earnestness which underlay them ultimately became, for all the lusty exuberance of his vocabulary, a little wearying. Now that he has reached the ripe and serene age of sixty-two, it is pleasant to find him in genial mood, unbending his bow. He looks back on a long and happy career of unrighteousness, savoring a rake's progress that led to fame and sleek prosperity.

Vitality was always a quality that Mencken had in superabundance; vitality intellectual, physical, and emotional. This vitality not only made him a force, but it gave him as gaudy a series of good times as anybody since Mark Twain. Whatever he touched he enjoyed, from a heavy bout of work to a good knockdown literary fight. For sheer delight, it is hard to beat his story of the exploits of his musical club, a sort of rump symphony-orchestra, and its feats in demolishing com-

H. L. Mencken

posers and beer. Its climactic achievement was in retiring to the woods and reeling off all of the first eight Beethoven symphonies seriatim, with only brief (but adequate) halts for refreshments between. Equally thrilling in its way was the San Francisco Democratic Convention of 1920. Mayor Rolph lifted that body to the empyrean by importing a carload of the finest Bourbon for free distribution, and a beautiful hall, splendid weather, bevies of California cuties, and a magnificent band with a witty leader (his only slip was greeting a Georgia delegate with "Marching Through Georgia") did the rest. Enjoyment pulses through the account of the Dayton trial, where Mencken distributed handbills announcing an appearance of Elmer Chubb, D.D., fundamentalist and miracle worker, to perform miracles on the public square; and where he watched Darrow, in galluses and baggy trousers, reduce his opponents to powder. Enjoyment ripples through the record of a visit to the Vatican, where by a lucky break Mencken on his first tour kissed the Pope's ring while Knights of Columbus waited and perspired in their hotels for six weeks to gain a similar favor. And enjoyment positively drips from the visit to Tunis and Carthage, with its amazing discovery that a fellow-Baltimorean had organized a North African baseball league which held frequent games on the site of the Temple of Baal.

This is an anecdotal book, full of humor, full of the old ripsnorting rhetoric, full of comic exaggerations, and above all else full of gusto. Anything and everything have been a source of joyous mirth and philosophy to the author. A cadaver in the city medical school, a horse that scarred the author with his bites, a gang of Cuban revolutionists, Al Herford the prince of pugilistic managers, William Jennings Bryan—they were all grist for the mill. It is true that Mencken speaks of the Prohibition era as "the thirteen years' horror." But the evidence is that he enjoyed that too—enjoyed it for its innumerable opportunities of evading the sleuths, its challenge to an exploration of all Maryland and Pennsylvania for concealed stills, and the adoration of half Baltimore that was his when he taught the population, in relays and by the Lancasterian system, how to make potable home-brew.

Curves

By Anne Young

ALL curves derive from water: trouble it lightly,
A myriad ripples widen, circling like curtsies
Swept golden, black, blue pale or sombre, argent—
The deep is patterned like a field of Heartsease.

And there are curves of fate. See the parabola
Tossed from a fountain, emerald bloom unwithering.
These I have told you are destined, to law obedient,
Brief prose of an equation beauty tethering.

A wave breaks. Behold the vision of Miranda
Following its line, far journey—dream of a maiden
Alone, unsullied of the world's fear. Ah! Source, betray not
To us inquisitive all Thy thought deep hidden!

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Giant Among Political Pygmies

RETREAT WITH STILWELL. By Jack Belden. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1943. 368 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HALLETT ABEND

FOR the last half year there has been a growing sameness about many of the books dealing with the active progress of the war. The grim struggle seemed to take on a dreadful uniformity of character except for changes of geography and regional or national background, and the last word seemed to have been said about the quality and horror of modernized conflict.

Now comes Jack Belden, an American news correspondent from Brooklyn, who, though not yet thirty-three years of age, has been in the Far East for nearly a dozen years, and he brings war into an entirely new focus. His story of the defeat of the allied forces in Burma and of the rapid and utter collapse of British authority and prestige there is something new. In vivid, nervous prose young Belden not only achieves the extraordinary accomplishment of writing a story of movement as gripping as a swift-moving piece of fiction, but he also makes of his book a penetrating analysis of the follies and weaknesses of imperialist colonial policies.

Rarely does a first book show the power and the cohesion of "Retreat with Stilwell," and the vigor of the work is all the more remarkable when it is balanced against the fact that during most of the period of writing Belden was exceedingly ill in a hospital, making a slow recovery from the hardships of the long trek from northern Burma over the mountains into India.

This book might appropriately have been named "How to Lose Empires." Time and again the narrative makes plain that political incompetency served to deflect and accelerate the already swift flowing current of disaster. Meddlesome and childish decisions made at London, Delhi, Washington, and Chungking are shown to have played as large a part in the disgraceful nature of the defeat as did lack of preparedness and the hostility of the Burmese masses. The civil authorities insisted upon scattering dispositions of the original British forces as though they were still garrisons maintained to suppress small scale rebellions, instead of permitting the generals to use their armies as units for the repulsing of well equipped invaders.

Belden points out that five months elapsed between the outbreak of the war in the Pacific and the fall of Mandalay. The United States, he says, quite rightly refused to send suicide expeditions to the Philippines or to Java, but he holds that when Washington also refused to send forces to Burma or to India this country not only considerably prolonged the war but even added to the risk of losing it. Wavell's initial refusal of General Chiang Kai-shek's offer to send Chinese troops into Burma, a refusal persisted in for almost three months, he finds inexcusable. The British, he holds, were foredoomed to defeat and expulsion from Burma because of the "inherent contradiction" of an imperialist colonial power attempting to wage war on Fascism, and the United States, as the original sponsor of the Four Freedoms, appeared to the Asiatics as being in a ludicrous position when attempting to aid Britain to maintain her grip upon a seriously disaffected portion of the Empire.

Jack Belden in China, from a photograph by Clare Booth.

Lieutenant General Joseph W. Stilwell is Belden's hero, and a worthy hero he seems to have been. The story of Stilwell's frustrations and disappointments, of successive failures and defeats forced upon him by the ineptitude of others should be shattering to the widespread complacent belief that all's for the best in this worst of all terrible wars. Stilwell's army was so swiftly defeated that finally the general's whole force, which he led afoot over the mountains, consisted of only 115 ragged, dirty, exhausted survivors. By that time the retreat had turned into a flight of desperate men and women whose supplies of food, weapons, and ammunition were practically exhausted.

Belden tells how the Japanese came in using heart-stirring slogans like "Free Burma," "Strike for your independence," "Down with the British," and "Asia for the Asiatics." The colonial authorities, he says, opposed "mouse-stirring appeals for loyalty and for law and order." They could say nothing to stir the heart even of a white man, much less a brown one; they even hushed up stories of Japanese atrocities "for fear of frightening the Indian troops into not fighting."

But there was courage, there was valiant fighting. The defenders of Burma fought and died magnificently. Consider these passages from Belden's description of the British survivors of the defeats at Magwe and Yenangyuang:

> Guns, ambulances and motor lorries were strung out over the dusty slopes, inextricably mixed with mules, horses and men, panting for breath under the thick curtain of heat.... The beards of the men were heavy and filthy, their faces were caked with dust, and their uniforms were grimed and stained and torn. Sweat which had poured out of their bodies on the long day's march in the sun had dried in streaks of white salt across their shirt fronts, and water bags clacked dry against their hips as they advanced with slow steps and their bodies slumped forward. All seemed worn out and downhearted, incapable of a thought or a resolution, marching by habit slowly, and collapsing from fatigue in the sand as soon as they stopped.... The faces of these men were terrible in their fatigue. Mouths drooped open stupidly, swollen thick lips gaped ajar as if the jaw muscles no longer had the will to keep them closed, vacant eyes stared at the ground and at the dust kicked up by the many heavy, shuffling feet.

Losses? They were stupendous. While Americans were merely reading in the newspaper that this and that town with an unpronouncable name had been lost, here were some of the manpower losses that preceded the surrender of those towns. A battalion of Gloucesters which started with 700

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men, had less than fifty effectives after three months of uninterrupted marching and fighting. The 96th Chinese Division of 12,000 men lost 9,000 in three weeks. The 22nd Division lost half its strength in a month, and after the fall of Mandalay the 55th Division no longer existed at all.

By the end of April, 1942, Belden says that most of the towns of Burma had literally been burned off the face of the earth. Village, town, city, and jungle conflagrations were incessant accompaniments of the long retreat. Japanese incendiary bombs started the fires, and then Burmese looters, arsonists, thieves, and fifth columnists completed the destruction. Mandalay burned for twenty-seven days and nights, and at the end was merely a huge field of broken tiles and bricks and charcoal.

The story of events like these would be incredible if poorly told. Jack Belden has told it surpassingly well. In his hands it becomes high tragedy; it becomes a soul purge of pity and anger and terror; it even becomes a tale of shocking beauty coupled with bitter disillusionment.

And after the book has been read and closed, inevitably there comes the staggering question:—"What will happen if the Japanese thrust into India?"

Plot and Counterplot in the Congo

SOUTH OF THE CONGO. By Selwyn James. New York: Random House. 1943. 347 pp. With map and illustrations. $3.

Reviewed by EMIL LENGYEL

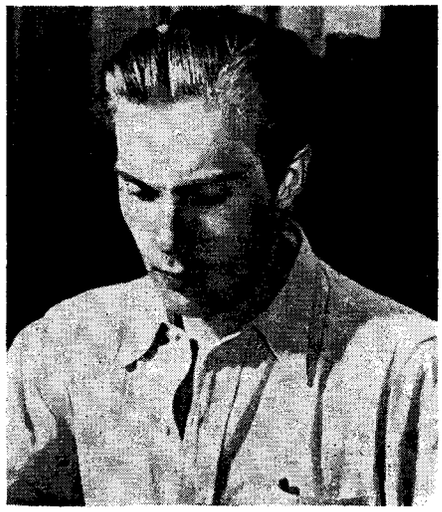
EVEN the "well-informed" could not stand their grounds in an Information Please program about that great *terra incognita* of South Africa. Some vague ideas about Prime Minister Smuts and Kimberley, the Afrikaaner and Witwatersrand are floating around on the crest of superficial knowledge, but only a very few people are familiar with the South African way of life, the domestic problems of that member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and its key position in this war. It is one of the heaviest traveled wartime shipping routes that skirts the Cape. Hope for the United States and Britain's ability to supply the Middle East and southern Russia with the wherewithals of war would be slim, indeed, if the Union of South Africa were in hostile hands.

For these reasons alone Selwyn James's "South of the Congo" should have a warm welcome. He opens up a world which deserves far more than the nodding acquaintance we have with it. Selwyn James has seen a lot of that distant world, even though he is only in his twenties. One of those Englishman who know not merely how to travel but also how to see, he paid a visit to South Africa some years ago, found a job there as a journalist and commentator, and constituted himself a one-man Bureau of Investigation and Exploration. He traveled extensively south of the Congo, interviewing honest folks and Fascists, Premiers and native Kings. Intimate knowledge of the region is revealed on every page.

The principal theme of James's book is the Union of South Africa. Many of its soldiers are in the front lines of fight against the Axis in North Africa. They come from a country in which the Fifth Column is on a rampage. That Fifth Column is a projection into the open of the latent antagonism of the Boer toward the British. It nearly succeeded in placing the South African Union in the straitjacket of neutrality. In the South African parliament there is a large and very vocal Fascist group.

It was Prime Minister Jan Christiaan Smuts, one of the constructive statesmen of the age, who has forced the opposition to retreat from the front lines of the political battlefield into the rear lines of sullen reserve. He still has an extremely hard fight on his hands, since the Africa Firsters are well versed in the nefarious ways of selling their country short.

Mr. James traces the treasonable activities of the local totalitarians to the masterminds of the Nazis. He takes great pains to disentangle the skein of treasonable plots in which wild-eyed Nazi schemers indulged in the Southwest African mandate, which belonged to the Germans before the First World War. It was there that they came closest to revealing the diabolical New Order which was to transform Africa into the political big-game haunt of the blue-eyed superman.



Selwyn James

They had a fertile field for their activities because the Union of South Africa is addicted to the idea of white supremacy at the expense of the black majority. No amount of good will on the part of Smuts and the small band of enlightened workers in a noble cause could alter the ruling policy toward the natives.

> South Africa's political life has been dominated by the Boers [writes Mr. James.] Because of them the blacks are forced to live under Hitler-like legislation. Their lot is far worse than the Negro's in the American South, where there are constitutional guarantees, if only in theory. From what I have been able to observe of the South African Bantu native and the way he is oppressed, I can state flatly that Hitler himself could not do a worse job.

The Boer point of view is that of the "master-race," which contends that might is the only answer to right. For every white person in the Union there are three colored people. The whites' way of solving this problem is to keep the natives in virtual slavery, stripped of the means to think and act, forced to live a life of dazed ignorance, at the mercy of their ruthless persecutors.

Moving beyond the confines of the South African Union, Mr. James introduces Portuguese Mozambique. He deals with Madagascar at some length, calls it the back door of Africa, explains why the British had to take it over from the Vichy-French. He tells the exciting story of the Belgian Congo in which the monstrous King Leopold II made the white man's name thrice accursed and where now the Belgian government in London performs one of the most blessed acts of enlightened colonial administration.

Mr. James then touches lightly on the problems of the Tanganyika Mandate. In his last chapter he summarizes the most important points of an intelligent policy for the future. He holds, naturally, that the black are not inferior to the whites, and that great deeds could be performed by introducing reforms. The natives' standards must be raised, they must be saved from the ravages of tropical diseases and of ignorance. The colonizing powers' objective must be to train the blacks for self-government.

Not only does this book contain a wealth of interesting and useful information but it is also very readable. Now that we are plunged into a global war, we might as well realize the fact that global ignorance is no virtue. America is in Africa for the duration and the vast region south of the Congo is a vital part of Africa.

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The Art of Writing a Will

"I Hereby Give, Devise, and Bequeath"

MELVILLE CANE

CLEMSON SPARKS, habitat Connecticut, was a man of thrift and industry. Managing his small hardware business along prudential lines, he left an estate of $13,000 when he died. He had an invalid wife, the sole object of his consideration, and also a prosperous grown son, who was estranged from his parents. Clemson intended, of course, to leave everything to his wife—but he just never got around to making a will.

His tombstone recites that he was a dutiful and affectionate husband, but the sad truth is that his wife received only one-third of his estate—about $4,000 when incidental charges and legal fees were deducted—a sum quite insufficient for her needs. The unfilial son, meanwhile, came in for the other two-thirds—a windfall he didn't need and which his father never dreamed of bequeathing to him.

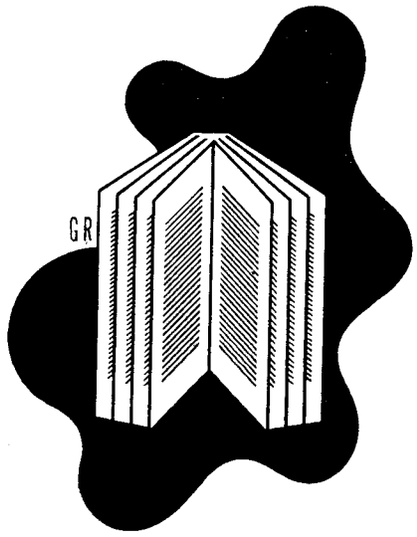
If you die without leaving a will ("intestate," as the lawyers call it) it often happens that your worldly goods will be distributed in ways quite foreign to your intentions, and possibly hurtful to your rightful heirs. Yet most inconsiderately *six out of every ten* property-holding individuals die without leaving explicit legal directions for disposal of their property.

Here's a "no will" mishap that occurs everyday. A man dies intestate leaving a widow and two infant children. Oh yes, he *meant* to give everything to his wife. But since there's no will, the widow gets only a third and each child receives a similar share. By law they *can't* give it to their mother; it can be disbursed only by court order until they are 21, and then only in small amounts for support and education. To heap up embarrassments, the mother must satisfy the court that her expenditures are for the best interests of her children. For these complications, don't blame the law. Put the blame where it belongs—on your own carelessness!

Consider the needless red tape of having the court appoint an administrator for your estate—which is what happens when you die without leaving a will. The administrator may be just the relative you yourself would *not* have chosen to look after your affairs. To guarantee that this administrator will not make away with your assets, the law requires that he put up a bond, which usually means paying a surety company an annual bond premium; this cost is defrayed by your estate. The surety company may insist on signing every check to be paid out for debts; funeral expenses, legacies, and the like—an annoying requirement. All this means more work and perhaps larger fees for the lawyer. And it's all quite unnecessary. Many a widow and orphan have been obliged to undergo such inconvenience, and, what's more, to suffer serious financial loss and injustice merely because a "last will and testament" wasn't made.

Husbands and fathers aren't the only ones who should make wills. Every wife should make a will of her own; should she fail to do so, her worldly goods may ultimately land in places far from her choice. If Mrs. Jones dies childless and without a will, Mr. Jones may find himself battling her relatives over home and savings which he originally gave to his wife, but which her relatives now automatically share. Such scenes are all too common in propertied families where the wife leaves no will.

In making your will, by all means consult a lawyer. For a simple will, the charge ranges between $10 and $25; some lawyers will even do the job for nothing as a gesture of good will toward their regular clients. The fee increases, of course, in proportion to the problems involved and to the size of the prospective estate. Beware of entrusting this all-important business to a notary public. He lacks the necessary legal knowledge of those menacing rules of procedure—differing from state to state—which, unless carefully observed, may render a will invalid. Furthermore, don't think you yourself know the law and can save a few dollars by nailing together a homemade will. Don't get a "standard" form from a stationer and think you're safe in filling out the blank spaces. In a recent case in the Surrogate's court of New York County, a will was thrown out because a woman used a printed form on which the place for the witnesses' signatures was indicated on the wrong part of the page!



A will in most states must be signed by the person making it, whose signature must be witnessed by at least two persons who write their name not only in the presence of the testator, but in the presence of each other. A California will was broken because the witnesses left the room of the dying testator to find a pen; they found a pen in the next room and signed the will there. The court ruled the will invalid because they were not actually in the testator's presence as required by law.

(In a few states, however, no witnesses are necessary when a will is prepared entirely in your own handwriting and duly signed and dated. A Texas will which merely said: "I want my wife to have everything" stood up as staunchly as if it had been filled with legal flourishes.)

Some states require three witnesses. Two may be enough if at the time of making your will you live in a two-witness state. But if you should die as resident of a state that demands three signatories, your will may run into complications. So to be on the safe side, get three witnesses. In choosing witnesses, it is better to select persons younger and more likely to outlive you, for before your will can take effect these witnesses must appear in court and swear under oath that they saw it signed by you—and that each in turn saw the other witnesses sign. It is best also to select witnesses of some standing and permanence in the community; many a will has been held up while the hunt for fly-by-night witnesses went on. Be careful not to have as witnesses any person whom you are benefiting by a legacy; such a person may have to give up his legacy in order to qualify as a witness.

After you've made a will, it is advisable to leave the original with your lawyer and take home a carbon copy. Show it to your wife, parent, or friend so that they may know your wishes and thus be prepared to be guided by them. If this procedure is observed, seemingly strange provisions or odd bequests will not come as a shock to your bereaved ones when your will is read. From time to time both husband and wife should reëxamine their wills to take care of changed conditions

(*Continued on page* 21)

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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"THE BIG, BAD OWI"

THIS is as good a time as any to survey the literature turned out by the Office of War Information, now under heavy attack by Congressional and other polyphonic circles who charge that the OWI has been propagandizing not only for the sake of democracy but for the sake of a fourth term. The principal exhibits in the case consist of the magazine *Victory,* which contains a number of admittedly favorable references to the President of the United States, and a little affair done in comic-strip magazine style, called *U.S.A.,* which also recognizes the existence of the President, although it apparently does not presume to describe him in the same complimentary terms as did *Victory.* Both publications are part of the overseas publications program of the OWI and were distributed among foreign peoples, although a few did manage to fall into the hands of American soldiers both in this country and abroad, and thence to members of Congress.

Mr. Davis, with characteristic candor, has admitted that *Victory* might have been a little more careful in its enthusiasm for the President, but pointed out that the peoples to whom the magazine was distributed might reasonably be considered ineligible for the privilege of voting in this country for a fourth term, or, for that matter, even for a first. As it concerned the charge against *U.S.A.,* Mr. Davis, with equal candor, denied any OWI intent to boom President Roosevelt for a fourth term, although he did remind his critics of the fact that Mr. Roosevelt happened to be the present incumbent and that it was somewhat difficult, in telling other peoples about the war effort, to keep the Commander-in-Chief completely out of the picture.

As a practical matter, a sharp distinction must be made between the overseas department of the OWI and the domestic publications division—two distinct entities although both come under a central policy and aim at the same long-range objectives. If the OWI is to be censured for issuing political propaganda for domestic purposes, the place to look for it of course is in the material issued by the domestic publications branch. Excluding the publications issued by the Office of Facts and Figures, which was absorbed by the OWI, there are six principal pamphlets put out by Mr. Davis's office which have had national distribution. These are:

The Unconquered People—a twelve-page booklet, modestly printed, with line illustrations by the cartoonist Edmund Duffy; a readable, humanly written account of what is known about the resistance of the peoples of Europe to Nazi rule, ranging from a campaign of innuendo and ridicule to outright sabotage. It describes a mighty groundswell gathering strength and direction, although it is careful to point out that the full story will not be told "until the United Nations, by military action, have joined hands with the patriots in final battle for ultimate victory."

Toward New Horizons—a sixteen-page pamphlet containing the texts of speeches by Vice-President Henry A. Wallace, Under-Secretary of State Sumner Welles, Ambassador John G. Winant, and Milo Perkins, Executive Director of the Board of Economic Warfare. All these speeches deal with various phases of post-war planning and long-range objectives. In a Foreword, Elmer Davis writes that "individual citizens . . . will find in these speeches clarification of their personal relation to the winning of the war and to the peace which will follow."

The Four Freedoms—a sixteen-page exposition of the four freedoms, stated with simplicity and dignity, and discussing the meaning of each freedom to Americans as well as its potential meaning in a free world. It represents not so much a bold discovery of values at stake in this war as it does an appealing restatement and synthesis of what many of our leading writers have been saying on the "we-or-they" subject for the last five years.

The Thousand Million—a fifty-page booklet constituting an introduction to the peoples who are fighting with us in this war. It presents not only the salient facts as they concern the history, geography, and climate of each country, but something about the human dimensions of the peoples and a brief statement concerning what each nation is contributing to this war. It is filled with vital and appealing information aiming at a better understanding of the meaning of the term United Nations.

Negroes and the War—a large-size, popularly written, and copiously illustrated seventy-two page publication, with an introduction by Chandler Owen, prominent Negro leader. Obviously well-planned and integrated, the booklet draws a fair and discerning picture of the Negro in American life, dramatizes for him the extent of his stake in democracy, and highlights the hypocrisy and real purposes of those who attempt to persuade the Negro that he can expect nothing from a victorious America in this war. It makes no attempt to gloss over present rough spots but emphasizes with great effectiveness that the hope of the Negro people in America is inseparable from the survival of a free America.

Tale of a City—the latest of the OWI publications, a twenty-four page booklet, attractively though modestly done, telling of the experiences of Warsaw since the Nazis overran it. The restrained and orderly arrangement of facts points up all the more the horrors recited on its pages. The booklet drives home the message that Germany is "at war with the human spirit—the spirit of decent men crying out for release from tyranny and demanding for themselves and their children a world of justice and hope."

This, then, is what the OWI has been doing in the field of domestic propaganda. Since this is a report to our constituents, we should like to confess our inability to detect in the publications any bid, wedge, maneuver, clarion cry, or tocsin call—explicit or implicit—for a fourth term. The material is propaganda, to be sure, but it is propaganda for the cause of a United Nations war and a United Nations peace. It is a propaganda job that can give Mr. Hitler scant comfort, for it has hoist him on his own propagandist petard.

So much for the domestic side of it. As for *Victory* and *U.S.A.,* even if we assume that these publications are legitimately open to question, we still do not see that this constitutes a sweeping indictment not only against the entire overseas division of the OWI but of the OWI as a whole—which is apparently the face being put upon it in some quarters. Most noteworthy about the Office of War Information is not that it has made mistakes, but that, considering our comparative newness in the field of international propaganda and the emergency nature of the job that brought it into being, it has made so few.

N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"No Ballot for the Poor"

SIR:—After reading Mr. Benét's poem on the poll tax filibuster in *The Saturday Review* [January 2, 1943], I thought it so apt that I clipped it out and sent it to Senator Bilbo of Mississippi. Accompanying it was a short note to the effct that I thought that the Senator might enjoy it so much that he might want to have it printed in the Congressional Record. I also stated that I was from the South, with Pittsburgh instead of Virginia for a residence only for the duration, and that my two grandfathers were both in the Confederate Army and were slaveholders before the War Between the States.

The Senator, rather to my surprise, answered the letter and I am enclosing his reply. It is quite an incredible letter and I thought, under the circumstances, that you might be interested in seeing it. Mr. Bilbo has given me his permission to offer you his letter for publication, with the proviso that you publish it in full. For certain reasons, I find it necessary that you use my initials should this correspondence be published.

L. H. F.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Mr. F.:

Your letter of January 10 enclosing a babbling in poetic form from one William Rose Benét has been received. I appreciate your kindness in writing me, also your kindness in sending me this contribution from a communistic negrophilist of the great wicked city of New York. I presume he is from New York, but wherever he is from he knows nothing about the scheme of constitutional government as framed by the Founding Fathers. He does not even know what the filibuster was about.

Personally, I am against the poll tax but most certainly the Federal Government has no right to invade a State and strike down the qualifications that the Legislature of the State imposes as a prerequisite to exercise the right of franchise.

A wayfaring man, though a fool, ought to see that if the Congress could go into a State and cut down one qualification of a voter as prescribed by the State then the Congress could go into the State and strike down other qualifications of the voter and likewise add qualifications of the voter. That is "the Negro in the woodpile."

Thanking you again for your kindness and with best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE G. BILBO.

Washington, D. C. U. S. S.

"Luce Thinking"

SIR:—May I congratulate you on your editorial "Luce Thinking" [*SRL*, Feb. 20, 1943]. What in the world upsets the perspective and distorts a person's intelligence as much as Clare Luce's has been upset and distorted? Why a brilliant person, who could be so tremendously useful in the war effort, and such a tantalizer among the Congressional personnel, should get off to such a bad start and such a dangerous one, is more than most of us can conceive. Our only hope can be that she will wake up.

Thanks for your contribution to clear thinking.

HEDWIG S. KUHN, M.D.

Hammond, Indiana.

"Then this cattle-rustler sneaks up behind the Lone Ranger and hits him with the butt of his revolver. There's a sickening thud—about a low G sharp."

SIR:—After careful reading and study of your editorial "Luce Thinking," the writer is of the opinion that *The Saturday Review* has finally cemented its union with the rank and file "New Dealers" by this tirade against the first Congresswoman who had the courage to stand up to the faction that would rather sit around and plan a post-war world now instead of redoubling their efforts to win the war first.

JAMES R. SPRUNG, Y2c USN.

Navy Department
Naval Training School
Chicago, Illinois

SIR:—That was a beautiful cleaning to which you took Mrs. Luce. I read it with complete agreement. And with a chuckle at the neatness with which you scored her rather superficial thinking processes. Like a good many others, I have long since lost patience with the headline-hunting proclivities of the lady.

Altogether a pleasant piece, and there are a number in this office who agree with that sentiment. My congratulations on it.

PAUL I. WELLMAN.

Kansas City Star.

SIR:—It was refreshing and an intellectual treat to read the verbal castigation administered to Mrs. Luce in that most effective of methods, the clear-cut, logical rebuttal to the hysterical harangue. While quips and smart-cracks are all right in Mrs. Luce's smart set and on the stage, they are definitely out of place on the floor of the House of Representatives. These are serious and critical times; and our affairs should be handled by serious-minded people. The remark about *The Chicago Tribune* also hit the spot.

HARLAN M. LEVIN, M.D.

Darien, Wis.

SIR:—I was very happy to see that someone with a sense of responsibility for the possible effect of words took pen in hand to dissect "globaloney." "Luce Thinking" is one of the finest editorials I have ever read in *SRL*, and the best criticism and analysis of "America's Destiny in the Air" that I have seen in any paper or magazine.

KATHERINE KORACH.

Bronxville, N. Y.

Saroyan and Balzac

SIR:—Is there to be a rationing of book titles—of good titles I mean? I note that Mr. William Saroyan has appropriated to himself the title of "The Human Comedy" which to some of us old boys is forever linked with the great work of Honoré de Balzac. I note also that Marcia Davenport feels compelled to use the title of Edith Wharton's first published novel, "The Valley of Decision." And there are others equally shopworn.... I have been thinking of opening up a little new-title shop, or exchange, for desperate authors. Hundreds of titles, all bran' new and never used before!

ROBERT ALLERTON PARKER.

New York City.

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TRADE Winds

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE of Graphic Arts has put on public view what it chooses to regard as "The Fifty Books of the Year." By appointing as judges three gentlemen as far removed as possible from the problems and concerns of the regular trade publisher, the Institute was assured from the start of a collection that would be short on content or utility and long on fancy type, binding, and conspicuous waste of valuable material. The titles of the fifty "books" chosen sound in far too many instances like the fevered fancies of an S. J. Perelman. Surely you would not dare to question the universal appeal or importance of "The Pirotechnia of Vannoccio Biringuccio," "A Sketchbook of American Chess Problematists," "Fortsas Bibliohoax," "A Guide to the Manuscript Collection of the William L. Clements Library," or "A Bibliography of the Strawberry Hill Press"! In a year when the Government has stressed the obvious need for the conservation of every element that goes into the making of a book, and publishers are racking their brains to find ways of saving paper, binding materials, and manpower, the public exhibition of a collection of books that consists in such large part of useless trivia and indulgences of subsidized private presses strikes us as a piece of flagrant bad taste.

We offer two suggestions to the Institute. One: divide future "Books of the Year" Exhibits into two parts: books produced without regard to time, expense, or content, and books intended for general sale, produced by trade publishers who have honestly tried to adhere to the highest standards compatible with quantity production, time schedules, and costs. It is to be understood that the trade list at least may include books that somebody outside of the board of judges of the Institute has heard of previously. Two: discontinue the exhibition of books in the first category for the duration. . . .

THE DAY BEFORE HE DIED, Alexander Woollcott wrote his last letter. It was addressed to Oswald Garrison Villard, and Mrs. Franklin P. Adams stood over Woollcott's shoulder as he signed it. Mr. Villard had solicited aid for a committee sponsored by Mr. Hoover and himself, among others, whose aim was the distribution of food to the children in occupied countries in Europe. "I have read your letter carefully," wrote Woollcott. "I find no mention of Mr. Herbert Lehman who, I understand, has been appointed officially to supervise work of this precise nature. I want to ask you if *your* committee is a subordinate, a supplement, a competitor, or an opponent?" . . . Another Woollcott anecdote concerns a note that he dispatched to a couple he loved on the occasion of their fifth wedding anniversary (back in 1922). "I have been looking around for an appropriate wooden gift," he wrote, "and am pleased hereby to present you with Elsie Ferguson's performance in her new play." . . .

HOLLYWOOD PRESS AGENTS being what they are, we are inclined to take with several grains of salt the story that emissaries of the Franco Government have high-pressured Paramount into making radical cuts in the film version of Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls." Our own informant assures us that no Spanish official of any description has been within a hundred miles of the Paramount lot, that the picture as released will be a faithful and powerful transcription of the novel, and that the rumor that the title is about to be changed to "Ten Nights in a Sleeping Bag" probably started at M.G.M. . . . The Junior Literary Guild recently distributed a book about Penguins. "This book," reported a conscientious young subscriber, "told me a good deal more about penguins than I care to know." . . . Whether his tongue was in his cheek we know not, but Henri de la Falaise, married in turn to Gloria Swanson and Constance Bennett, has named his forthcoming book "Through Hell to Dunkirk." . . . A West Virginia newspaper reproduced a photograph of a counterfeit ten dollar bill that had found its way into the community, hoping that by bringing it to the attention of its readers there would be no recurrence. The next day a picture of the bill, carefully clipped from the newspaper, was passed in the local grocery store. . . .

THE SNIDE and condescending tone of a handful of leading reviews of Saroyan's "The Human Comedy" gave us a pain in the neck. Some of our critics seem to operate on the theory that if a book is gloomy, neurotic, and illustrative of all the mean and nasty things in life, it's Literature, but if an author dares to portray his characters as decent human beings who love their friends and the things around them, he's a sophomoric jerk whose ears need pinning back. "The Human Comedy" will bring undiluted pleasure to ninety-nine percent of its readers. We hope it sells a million copies. . . . Saroyan couldn't resist a characteristic impulse when he christened the Macauley boys Homer, Ulysses, and Marcus. Homer is named after Homer, and Ulysses is named after Ulysses—but Marcus was the name of the little blonde debutante who became Mrs. Saroyan a few days before the book was published. . . .

A DISGRUNTLED PARTICIPANT on one of the weekly Book Council radio broadcasts bemoaned the fact that to date, at least, the shows were aired exclusively in the metropolitan area. "What are you grumbling about?" a member of the Council pointed out. "You're on a river-to-river hook-up!" . . . Reynal and Hitchcock announce a new novel by Percy Marks called "Quicksilver," evidently overlooking the fact that Fitzroy Davis's novel, published only a few months ago, bore the same title. . . . Jill Stern, wife of the publisher of the *Philadelphia Record,* is reviving the old *St. Nicholas Magazine.* We hope she will resume

"Okay—I'll raise you two D.N.B. communiques."

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the practice of awarding medals for prize-winning drawings and competitions. We still cherish a gold badge that we snagged at the age of twelve for a palpitating confession entitled "How I Spent My Vacation." . . .

MISS MARGARET MITCHELL, in a letter declining appointment by Governor Arnell to membership on the Georgia State Board of Education, wrote, "My time is not my own. It has not been my own since 'Gone with the Wind' was published. . . . Being the author of 'Gone with the Wind' is a full-time job." We wish to enter this for the Most-Pretentious-Nonsense-of-the-Year Competition. . . . The sight of Melba toast offends the delicate sensibilities of Harold Ross, editor of the *New Yorker Magazine.* "I don't know why waiters are always shoving the stuff under my nose," he grumbled. "I have it on reliable authority that Mme. Melba herself hated it like poison!" . . . Hugh Gibson, former Ambassador to Belgium and Brazil, and co-author of "The Problems of Lasting Peace," has became an editor of Doubleday, Doran. His collaborator on the book, of course, was Herbert Hoover, who may also wind up in the publishing business one of these days. . . .

EVE CURIE'S NEW BOOK has been titled "Journey Among Warriors." It is scheduled for April sixteenth. . . . Eric Stanley Gardner's new Perry Mason mystery will be called "The Case of the Buried Clock." Gardner can turn them out faster—and better—than Edgar Wallace in his heyday! . . . "Frances Fitz," read a recent Macmillan press release, "who told the story of her adventures in Alaska to Jerome Odlum in 'Lady Sourdough,' will sneak to the Yale Faculty Club on Friday evening." The next morning's mail brought a frantic correction, attributing the typo to gremlins. A Harvard gremlin, perchance? . . . The War Book Panel's new "Imperative" book choice is John Hersey's "Into the Valley." . . .

A TRAVELER for a big publishing house couldn't wait to get to St. Louis, where his oldest friend owned a prosperous bookstore. "Sam," he said to the owner the moment they were alone, "I want you to lend me $2000.00." "The answer, Joe," said Sam, "is positively no." "But, Sam," protested the salesman, "In 1929, when Bond and Share broke from 189 to 50, who gave you ten thousand dollars to keep you from being wiped out?" "You did," admitted Sam. "And in 1931, when your daughter Shirley had that tropical disease, who took her down to Florida because you couldn't get away from business, who did, Sam?" "You, my friend, you did." "And in 1933, when we were fishing together, who dove into the rapids and saved you from drowning at the risk of his own life?" "You did, Joe. It was wonderful!" "Well, then, Sam, in Heaven's name, why won't you lend me $2000.00 now when I need it?" "All the things you say are true," said Sam, nodding his head slowly, *"But what have you done for me lately?"* . . .

BENNETT CERF.

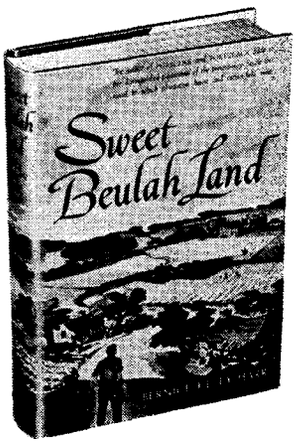
Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

ENTRANCES AND EXITS

Here are some prominent literary figures who are memorable for their unusual entrances or exits. How many of them do you remember? Allowing 5 points for each one you can name, and another 5 for either the author or the story in which he appeared, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 18.

1. Attempting to elude a band of Burgundian men-at-arms, this young English cavalier found himself in a blind alley with his back to a door, which unexpectedly yielded and then swung shut, trapping him in a hallway.
2. Imagine the horror of Jonathan Harker when, looking out the window, he saw his host crawl headfirst down the side of the castle wall!
3. Imitating the captain of a band of robbers, he opened the door of their hideaway by his vocal sound waves.
4. Escaping from the alienist who was questioning him, this condemned murderer entered the press room of the Chicago Criminal Courts building via a window and was hidden in a roll-top desk by an alert reporter.
5. While dancing with the bride at a wedding party, he maneuvered her toward the door, swung her up onto his horse, and dashed away.
6. After concluding a nocturnal visit, this philanthropist laid a finger aside of his nose, gave a nod, and vanished up the chimney.
7. After a lengthy confinement following a fall on the ice of an Ohio front porch, this portly author, as he was finally leaving, repeated the mishap.
8. Following a unique Elizabethan stage direction, this character made his "exit, pursued by a bear."
9. In the nick of time this knight in shining armor arrived on the scene of a trial-by-combat riding in a boat that was pulled by a swan.
10. Just as he sighted what he thought was a Snark, this frightened hunter softly and suddeniy vanished away, for the Snark turned out to be a Boojum.



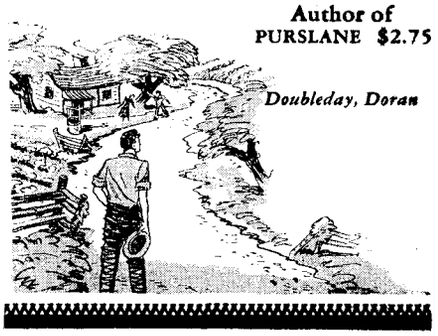
"From beginning to end it is a grand book. She has developed a sense of story that I always feared she lacked and kept her good clear-eyed understanding of the people. Hardly anybody I know has ever written about the Southern rural people with such wholeness."
—JONATHAN DANIELS

"An original and moving novel." —*The New Yorker*

"Colorful and alive."
—New York *Herald-Tribune*

Sweet Beulah Land

BY
BERNICE KELLY HARRIS
Author of
PURSLANE $2.75



Doubleday, Doran

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Fellow citizens—We cannot escape history. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honor or dishonor to the latest generations. . . . We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN—Annual Message to Congress, December 1, 1862.

WE CANNOT ESCAPE HISTORY

by

John T. Whitaker

If we are to achieve more than a mere military victory in the war now raging, if we are to make secure the things for which we fight, we must understand the events that brought the conflict about. The lessons we must learn from them stand out in bold relief in this illuminating book by a noted foreign correspondent who covered every crisis in Europe during the past decade. Country by country, he shows what happened and interprets its meaning for us.

"This is one of the soundest of the foreign correspondents' European harvest. It is not a scoop. It is not hot off the platter. But by just that virtue—by the added time for digestion and study, it is a better book than most."—Book-of-the-Month Club News. $2.75

The story of the first U. S. mining boom

BOOM COPPER

by

Angus Murdoch

For the first time, this book tells the whole fascinating story of one of the most scenically and historically exciting spots in the United States—Michigan's Keneewah Peninsula, a thumb of land jutting into Lake Superior, once the richest copper district in the world. Here, just one hundred years ago, came the first U. S. mining boom—with its mushroom towns, gambling, fortunes and fabulous characters—marking the beginning of a significant epoch in American history. Vividly, the days of the great rush, the growth of the large mining interests, the labor struggles, and the changing fortunes of the district, down to the present war are described. This authentic history is as enjoyable as it is informing. $3.00

at all bookstores

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
60 Fifth Avenue New York

The Story of Jake Home

JAKE HOME. By Ruth McKenney. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1943. 503 pp. $3.

Reviewed by BENJAMIN APPEL

MISS McKENNEY'S novel deals strongly with the most important theme of this war-torn and fascist-torn generation: the theme of the brotherhood of man as opposed to those forces in society and in the individual that oppose human unity. Her novel begins: "Jake Home was born January 21, 1901, in Luyskill, Pennsylvania, one of the lost places of this earth." Jake, the son of a coal-patch miner, gets himself born in giant-like fashion. Uncommon events attend the birth; it took three days; it brought the first doctor Luyskill had seen in seven years; it was a Caesarean operation. Jake bounces into life, twelve pounds of boy; at three months, he has hair "as red as a flame in the fire." At six months, he can feed himself. He is unlike the seven little Homes that follow him to Luyskill, unlike any of the other kids. In short, the author has selected her major character out of the symbolical and semi-symbolical world of Paul Bunyan, of Superman, of Abe Lincoln, the rail-splitter, and then flung him into the America of unions and bosses, unemployment and pent-houses.

From Luyskill, Jake is to go on to Altoona, to New York City, and then out into the nation; for Jake is to compress many lives between 1901 and 1932, when we take leave of him addressing a huge crowd of unemployed in New York's City Hall Square. His first life is the life of a child prodigy in "the lost place." The detailed picture of the eager, vital boy growing up in the dead waste, surrounded by the doomed, is a fine one. It is Ruth McKenney's feeling for detail that puts her book head and shoulders over most fiction; it is clear, honest, colorful, and often, significantly selected detail. Jake goes into the mines at eleven and later becomes the leader of the union local. The boy with the giant body and brilliant mind is to find his strength in the strength of the many. This is the fulfillment, the final harborage of his total life. Like some twentieth-century Ulysses, he steadily steers his way across industrial America, past the dangers, to the final deep belief in brotherhood, in mass, in union, in the many.

There are the dangers of the Circes. In Altoona, Jake marries Margaret Agar, the blond Greek-American girl, who, in the words of the Communist Nicko, turns sour and becomes a Freudian. Jake Home works in the railroad yards and urged on by his wife he begins the climb up into the world of the railroad managers. He invents an oil drain, makes three hundred and fifty dollars a month. It is only when the strike comes that Mr. Home joins the picket line and becomes Jake again. He is clubbed by the cops, clubbed back into the working-class. Margaret deserts him and Jake survives his first Circe.

He goes on to New York City to organize for the Trade Union Educational League, William Z. Foster's brainchild. Jake works on the waterfront and he becomes a Communist. From the waterfront, he moves into the world of left-wing intellectuals, phonies, parlor pinks, debutante radicals, and meets Circe, Number Two, Kate McDonough, who is both a rich man's daughter and a Communist. Jake becomes her lover and the two of them become involved in the fight to save Sacco and Vanzetti. Sacco and Vanzetti die and Jake, himself, feels defeated. He marries Kate and leaves for Europe and one of his associates says of him. "He's a dead man. He's a very dead man."

But for the second time in his life, Jake walks out of money and position into the working-class, into the Unemployed Councils of the depression 30's. He splits with Kate and becomes the Jake of the waterfront days. I have entered into some detail about Jake's life for this novel is about the collision of one man with modern society. Jake Home is many things; he is a sort of laboring-class superman who symbolically inherits all the culture and knowledge of the past, whose own potentialities are boundless but whose course is not easy; he is also a springboard into the labor history of the 1920's and 1930's; he is a Communist who meets an immense variety of people and who becomes involved in all sorts of crucial and bitter struggles. Yet, I don't feel that Miss McKenney has quite made Jake into a consistently recognizable human being. He doesn't come out of the pages with the power of a first-class characterization. I think Maltz's Communist, Princey, in "The Underground Stream," a more rounded, warmer piece of writing. Yet Jake is entered into at immense length. I believe the fault is that the fictional spine of Jake is not quite entire; there are fractures and breaks in it as there are necessarily fractures and breaks in the novel for this book is Jake. Yet I read every page with interest. "Jake Home" is superior to the bulk of novels published in this or any season. Jake and his fate are always good and often significant reading.

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Men in a Freighter

NOVEMBER STORM. By Jay McCormick. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1943. 339 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WALTER HAVIGHURST

AGAIN the Hopwood Awards at the University of Michigan have produced a new and authentic novelist. "November Storm" is a sound and searching story of the men in a Great Lakes freighter. It is a young man's book, vigorous, outspoken, often violent, but informed by an awareness of the inner lives of men as well as of the toil and danger of their calling. Jay McCormick has feeling, discernment, vitality, and a command of terse and living language. There will be other good books from his hand.

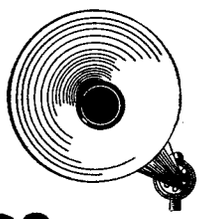
In "November Storm" we are aboard the *S.S. Blackfoot,* one of the big powerful bulk carriers known on the Lakes as "self-unloaders." She has a dirtier and less routine trade than the hundreds of ore boats constantly passing down the Lakes with Lake Superior iron; the *Blackfoot* hauls coal and limestone between small ports on Lakes Erie, Huron, and Michigan. With the cumbersome conveyor rig hunched over her hatches and coal dust silting her decks, she would not appear a romantic craft. But her men are loyal to her. The ship is their world for a season, plodding from Conneaut to Green Bay, from Calcite to Wyandotte; and it is world enough for a novelist who cares about the way men live together, and apart.

It is a world of various moods, the din of the loading ports and the serenity of starry nights at sea, the rust and reek of the harbors and the clean blue lakeways. It is a world also of diverse men living close together and hence becoming more important to each other than men ashore. Actually it is the bunkrooms and pilothouse, the stokehold and messrooms of the *Blackfoot* which make up the book's scene. To a sailor one port is about like another, and Mr. McCormick spends little time taking his story ashore. This is sound practice, because sailors are most themselves at sea. Yet the story is curiously devoid of large physical impressions, and this is a lack. What a lakeman misses in the book is the landmarks which become familiar and meaningful to him, the changing American shores that make up his horizon and enter into the texture of his mind.

The story finds its center in young Sean Riley, whose coming-of-age provides the novel's theme. It is an important theme—the search of a boy through formless fears to self-confidence and through bewilderment to a kind of understanding. And it is an achievement to trace that experience, credibly, step by step with growing conviction, as Mr. McCormick does. This is a familiar theme in first novels, but here it is presented with fresh discernment and rewarding sincerity.

The story is well furnished with events, notably the dramatic climax, ably handled, of an autumn storm raging across Lake Michigan which brings a crucial test to every man aboard the *Blackfoot.* Yet the book remains memorable not for its action but its characters. Captain Starr and Anchor Larson, both good seamen troubled about their wives ashore, Burgee the crippled mate who is addicted to whisky and Shakespeare, big Andy the deckhand and Jim Tyrell the poker-playing fireman—they are genuine freshwater men. In the only woman who figures directly in his story Mr. McCormick is less successful; Stella Forester is theatrical and unconvincing and though she is given an emphatic place she is not important to the novel. The ship honestly contains the clash and loyalties of men, their secret antagonisms and their unspoken bonds, and it is here that the book finds its true substance.

"Grade A"—Will Cuppy



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Number One

H. M. Co.

The Pushkin Philosophy

PUSHKIN: A Collection of Articles and Essays on the Great Poet. Moscow: The USSR Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries.

Reviewed by MANYA GORDON

AMERICANS interested in future peace and lasting amicable international relations will welcome every effort towards a better understanding of the spiritual and cultural life of the Russian people. The best medium for that understanding is, of course, a comprehensive acquaintance with the history and literature of the country. The present volume of essays endeavors to give the reader a general outline of the life and work of Russia's greatest poet and first realist. Of course, Pushkin is not unknown in this country. The novelty of the present symposium is in the ideological interpretation of his verse and aspirations.

It is a difficult task. And, besides, ideologically speaking the volume has arrived somewhat late. Four years are only a minute in the life of a nation. But in Soviet Russia, where the ideological climate has changed with meteoric speed, and, since the invasion of Hitler's armies, has entirely disappeared from the national scene, the four years seem a long time. The most recent Communist approach to creative literature, according to Mr. Ralph Parker, the Moscow correspondent of *The New York Times*, was expressed by Alexei Tolstoy, the dean of Soviet writers and holder of the Red Banner Award, in an address before the Academy of Science.

In his analysis of Soviet literature, Tolstoy frankly admits that it is "often monotonously dull because of its faithful adherence to a general line. The man in the leather coat still lacks the real personality of a human being." Tolstoy cited the recent liquidation of the Russian Association of Proletarian Writers as a move in the right direction. He approved of Sholokhov, who, in his description of the civil war, "inspired true patriotism." In his opinion the present war has helped the Soviet writers "find the individual man who represents the peoples' struggle. Now," Tolstoy asserts, "we have escaped from the pathos of cosmopolitanism and internationalism that was sometimes false, and have come to an understanding of the motherland." He spoke of the need for satire and criticism, in other words a free literature unimpeded by ideology.

Thus the dean of Soviet writers has picked up again the pre-1918 tradition of Russian literature, and is trying to fuse it with the present. This effort brings him closer to the ideals of Pushkin than any other Soviet writer, including the authors of the present volume. For, as Professor Luppol points out, the great poet loved liberty. He abhorred the autocracy and its handmaidens, the censor and the secret police. Professor Luppol wonders how Pushkin would have reacted "to the rise of the revolutionary working class." No doubt the poet would have rejoiced in the true emancipation of labor, but he would have fought relentlessly against the censor and the OGPU.

In discussing "Eugene Onegin," Mr. Gurstein expresses his disapproval of the heroine's bourgeois conception of "propriety." Tatyana falls into the power of the false, conventional morals of "society" when she repels Onegin's amorous declarations. In corroboration, Mr. Gurstein quotes the last two lines of her answer to Onegin's pleading, but in order to make his point he is compelled to omit the most beautiful and profound observations in the poem which reveal Tatyana as sincere, mature, and anything but bourgeois.

> Onegin, I was younger then, and better looking I suppose; and I loved you . . . but the love of a country girl offered nothing new to Onegin. He paid no attention . . . why then does he follow her now at every step? Why such display of his attention? Is it because she is now rich, and belongs to the high society, and is well received at Court?
>
> Because my fall, in such condition,
> Would be well noted ev'rywhere,
> And bring to you an envied reputation?
>
> For me, Onegin, all this wealth,
> This showy tinsel of Court life,
> All my successes in the world,
> My well-appointed house and balls . . .
> For me are naught! I gladly would
> Give up these rags, this masquerade,
> And all the brilliancy and din,
> For a small shelf of books, a garden wild,
> Our weather-beaten house so poor . . .
> Those very places where I met
> With you, Onegin, that first time;
> And for the churchyard of our village,
> Where now a cross and shady trees
> Stand on the grave of my poor nurse.
>
> And happiness was possible then!
> It was so near!

She implores Onegin to leave her. "I love you," she says:

> Why should I hide from you the truth?
> But I am given to another,
> And true to him I shall remain.*

This is not the reasoning of a conventional bourgeois, but a deeply sincere and rational woman who understands the shallow and unworthy character of her girlhood idol.

*The translation is by Peter Kropotkin.

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L'Armistice Pathetique

VICHY: Two Years of Deception. By Leon Marchal. New York: Macmillan Company. 1943. 251 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

THE story of what happened to France after defeat—"two years of deception"—is told by Leon Marchal, a French diplomat who served his country in Germany and Morocco before he became Counselor of the Vichy-French Embassy in Washington in 1941. After Pierre Laval's return to power, however, Marchal openly joined General de Gaulle. He was one of the many who were deceived and one of the few who realized it and selected "the only path which leads to the final goal—victory."

In a brief personal explanation he states: "By maintaining economic relations with the free world I, among others, hoped that a barrier could be erected against German penetration in the French Empire, thus preparing the way for the French overseas territories to break with Vichy and reënter the war." He also says "Should some of the men of Vichy seize an opportunity to offer late coöperation to the cause of the United Nations— that is to France's cause—it can neither add nor subtract anything to what the Vichy regime was from its origin to its end."

M. Marchal apparently hoped with Marshal Petain that the the armistice would save overseas France. Today we know that moderation was not the best choice. The way led "downward from capitulation under Petain to slavery under Laval."

After two years of first-hand observation, writing from intimate knowledge of the complex political struggle in Vichy, the author gives a timely and clear report on France after 1940. Its accuracy may be doubted, its sincerity, however, should be respected. Anybody who wants to understand the men in Vichy in their futile struggle for a new order but also for independence will find this book helpful.

M. Marchal describes Petain as a straightforward soldier who had always been against democratic institutions, who thought that "international capitalism and international socialism have exploited and debased French labor." On the other hand Petain liked the Germans less than most of his political collaborators. M. Marchal, trying to find an excuse for Petain's betrayal of all fundamental French ideals says: "One must concede that the positive political concepts of Marshal Petain for France are fundamentally different from the Hitlerian *Weltanschauung.*" A rather lame excuse. Petain and the Vichyists thought in June 1940 that the war was over, that nothing could prevent a German victory over England, and that one could deal with Hitler "as soldier to soldier and in honor." They believed a victory of the Axis would be disastrous for France but that a victory of England would shatter "the national revolution." They still believe it.

Laval, however, hated Britain even more than democracy. And he dreamed of the day when he would become the real master of France. He wanted to use Petain as Hitler had used Hindenburg. Too late Marshal Petain realized that the Nazis had no intention of proving loyal to the armistice convention or of allowing France to maintain her rank as a European power. Admiral Darlan declared: "Collaboration with the Reich is for France a matter of life and death." The old Marshal knew that Darlan was the god of the navy. And that Laval's impudent demands were supported by the victors who tried to win France as an Axis partner. He decided: "To collaborate is to avoid the world."

The chapter on "Vichy and Washington," the story of General Weygand's opposition to Laval's policy and how Laval was first arrested by Petain and later recalled—all this makes excellent reading. "Nothing would be more unjust," concludes M. Marchal, "than to lay upon the French people the responsibility for a defeat whose causes are shared in common by all the nations today united."

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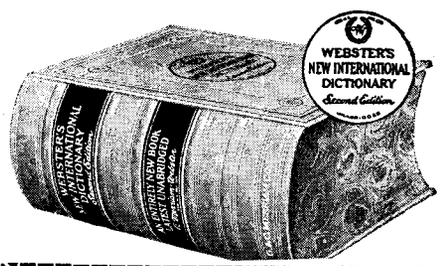

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Essential Preoccupations

BARRACK 3 ROOM 12. By Marcel Haedrich. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1943. 229 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

THE role the 1,500,000 French prisoners of war are likely to play in post-war France has been hardly touched upon, thus far, by our political writers. Here is the first book to deal with life among these unfortunate men. It is a remarkable volume from any point of view.

Eleven officers from as many walks of civil life are thrown together, "thrust upon the essential preoccupations of our Stone Age ancestors: hunger, cold, fear." Only gradually, they open their hearts to one another and begin to share the other fellow's grief and hope—long after they have taken to sharing the contents of the packages from home. Slowly, the reader comes to know the prisoners and also the country they all yearn to see again. All this is accomplished with a minimum of effort and with an economy of words and settings which is well-nigh masterly.

It is strange to compare the atmosphere of "Room 12 Barrack 3" with that of the German camp of World War I as realistically shown, some years ago, in the French picture *"La Grande Illusion."* The emotionalism of those Frenchmen of twenty-five years ago seems to have given way to much deeper-going reactions. It is far more than the difference between hope and defeat. Sometimes, it looks as though these soldiers could conceive of "France" only through the medium of the family snapshots enclosed in their spare letters. But actually, within these men a feeling is growing that the spirit of yesterday will no longer do. They hardly ever discuss politics. They ponder over the teachings of Christianity.

"What are we going to do with them?" a "worried man" asks the author who, one of the lucky few, is returning to his home.

"What, my dear sir, are they going to do with you?"

Perhaps, it is still too soon for such books. But this one should be read.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Denis de Beaulieu, in "The Sire de Maletroit's Door," by Robert Louis Stevenson.
2. "Dracula," by Bram Stoker.
3. Ali Baba, in "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," from the Arabian Nights.
4. Earl Williams, in "The Front Page," by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur.
5. "Lochinvar," by Sir Walter Scott.
6. "A Visit from St. Nicholas," by Clement C. Moore.
7. Sheridan Whiteside, in "The Man Who Came to Dinner," by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart.
8. Antigonus, in "A Winter's Tale," by W. Shakespeare.
9. "Lohengrin," by Wagner.
10. The Baker, in "The Hunting of the Snark," by Lewis Carroll.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
ELEVEN CAME BACK *Mabel Seeley* (Crime Club: $2.)	Double slaying in shadow of Montana mountains makes trouble for young couple, who finally spot slayer.	Notable for tautly drawn suspense, shrewd plotting, and extremely good character drawing. Detecting is unobtrusive but effective.	Very good indeed
FILE FOR RECORD *Alice Tilton* (Norton: $2.)	Stabbing, with samurai snickersnee, of New England store owner, precipitates much hustling around by Leonidas (Shakespeare) Wither all.	Something going on every minute in this one, from initial thump on sleuth's cranium to unexpected outcome—also much hilarity.	Effervescent
MURDER IN TOW *Christopher Hale* (Crime Club: $2.)	Injured detective French, recuperating in Florida, keeps hand in by clearing up tangled killing.	Tightly constructed plot, good character, especially detective's aunt, and plenitude of action both by land and sea.	Agreeable
DEATH OF A SABOTEUR *Hulbert Footner* (Harpers: $2.)	Death of Russian prince, engaged in shadowy activities, gives plump Mr. Mappin opportunity to demonstrate deducing skill.	Subversive and similar underhanded work in Manhattan's swankier circles well described. Well groomed opus punctuated with action	O.K.

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PRESCRIPTION FOR CONGRESS

(*Continued from page 4*)

"duty to prevent or check waste before it occurs than to conduct inquiries into past events; and that this task can be better discharged" by discussion and interchange of ideas with the spending departments undertaken concurrently "rather than by recommendations and criticisms in a formal report."

The tuppence paper to which I have referred summarizes the work of the Committee for the 1941-42 session.* The Committee and its sub-committees held 396 meetings, visited 89 establishments and examined 1205 witnesses. For sixpence the inquirer can learn of the action which departments have or have not taken as a result of the Committee's previous recommendations on medical services, the supply of labor, the organization of production, complaints concerning two Royal Ordinance Factories, and Civil Defence. The recommendations and the replies are given in parallel columns.

In its Committee the House of Commons imposes tremendous confidence. Lukewarmness, even initial hostility on the part of the departments has steadily dwindled. For an executive, if he is wise, wishes the wisdom of other minds pooled with his own. His decisions are soundest if he reaches them after criticism not from a personal cabinet but by those official agencies that the system of government makes available. If the heads of those agencies are poor counsellors, others should take their place. And supporting them must be a parliament — a blood bank — drawing strength from its electorate and transmitting it to its agents.

This Select Committee works quietly with no fanfare of publicity. Minutes of evidence are not published. It would be scandalous if any member discussed in the press or made speeches about what he had learned through the committee. Such a committee can, normally, speak only to its master, the House of Commons. But this Select Committee found that to discuss certain matters in its reports it might disclose military secrets. Hence the House of Commons took the exceptional course of allowing the Committee in its descretion to address to the Prime Minister memoranda which would not be communicated to Parliament. The Committee has done this on several occasions and the Prime Minister has replied.

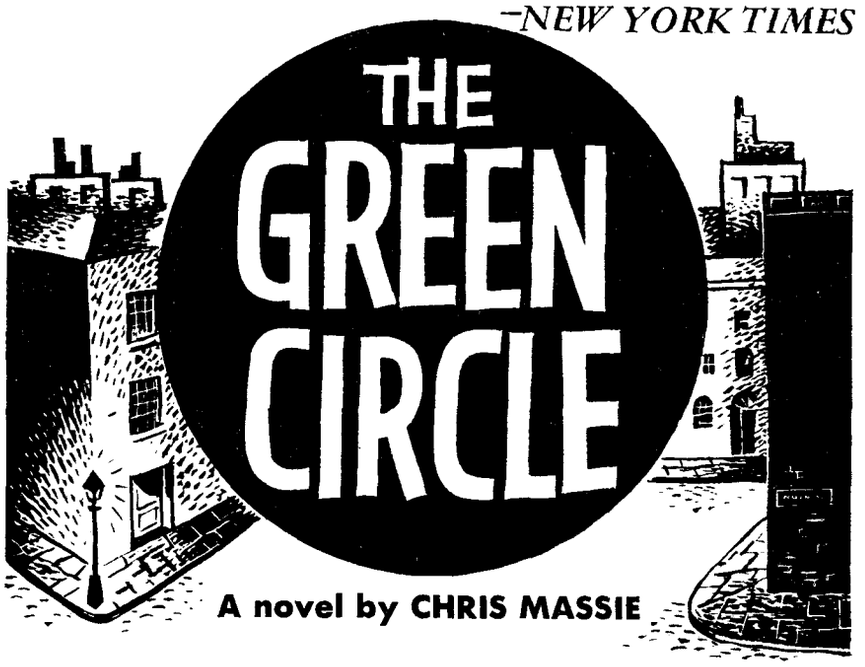
If the American Congress could set up a similar committee on the conduct of the war with the same limitations in respect of methods of work and of publicity and if its members respected these limitations, Congress would be less restless, the country would be reassured, and the executive would be strengthened. Such a Committee would not be the source of "constant harassment" which President Wilson, when opposing a similar experiment in 1917, said the Civil War Committee had been to Lincoln.

To the question what a free government is Burke answered that, "for any practical purpose, it is what the people think so." People are more inclined to think their government free when they see their elected representatives effective but not hampering, critical but not carping, coöperating and not conducting an offensive from an "isolated island of jealous power."

*Twenty-first Report, from the Select Committee on National Expenditure, Session 1941-1942, being the Sixty-first Report in the Series of Reports from the Select Committees on National Expenditure originally set up in Session 1939-40. November 10, 1942. London: His Majesty's Stationery Office.

"A remarkable book of such transcendent horror that it deserves unrestrained critical cheering . . ."

—*NEW YORK TIMES*



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➔ **N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE BOOK REVIEW:** "Extremely well done . . . sometimes horrible and often scary, always with plenty of impact." — *Will Cuppy*

➔ **ORVILLE PRESCOTT:** "Strange, sinister, done with great artistry and chilling power . . . A remarkable book of such transcendent horror that it deserves unrestrained critical cheering . . . A highly original, curiously compelling book . . . An astonishing and thumping good climax."

—*N. Y. Times*

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The Phoenix Nest

HENRY L. MENCKEN writes us that it seems to him we are wrong about the editorial "we": "I see no objection to its use in anonymous editorials, for there it purports to show that the whole editorial staff is responsible for them, but when you sign your name you should use the first person singular. This was a general rule until about twenty years ago. Then a number of third-rate columnists . . . began to use 'we' in signed stuff. I deplore the fact that a man of your high virtues should follow so lousy an example." We—I—wrote Henry that I—We—were convinced at last. So after this it shall be "I," and God help us all!

I thank Elizabeth La Dow of Larkland, Delano, California, for her pleasant letter. She believes in ballads being sung and believes that "the powers of speed and mass" and of science are likely to spoil some of the finer things in life. She seems to be of the same mind as Keats, when he said in "Lamia":

> There was an awful rainbow once in heaven:
> We know her woof, her texture; she is given
> In the dull catalogue of common things.
> Philosophy will clip an angel's wings.

And, speaking of Keats, the other day we reread that remarkable story of Kipling's in "Traffics and Discoveries," the story called "Wireless." "This Marconi business," with which it is involved, seems a far cry enough today. But back in the days of the Spanish War they were singing about the Italian electrical engineer, "And young Marconi/ Eats macaroni/ With Mr. Dooley-ooley-ooley-oo!" For in England his earliest wireless messages were sent between Penarth and Weston-super-Mare and on Salisbury Plain in 1897. The town where Cashell has his installation-pole rigged on the roof of the house, in Kipling's story, is probably on the south coast. He expects a message from Poole about midnight. Mr. Shaynor is the latter-day Keats. The story is wonderfully organized. Every detail falls into place with perfect accuracy. And, in respect to one word, Kipling shows himself a better poet than Keats, when he substitutes "young" for "fair" as the epithet for Madeline's breast in the "Eve of St. Agnes." "They" is another wonderful story in that volume. But the interplay of the two kinds of wireless in the first one will always remain a kind of literary miracle.

Ensign Gretna Green Gremlin (as she signs herself) has written some lines dedicated to "Lou, Casper, Tom, Dick, and Harry, on Our Joining a Women's War Auxiliary Corps (Apologizing to Colonel Richard Lovelace, who would find this killing if he weren't already dead!)"

> Tell us not, boys, we are unkind
> That from the flummery
> Of Fashion, or domestic grind,
> To WAACS, WAVES, SPARS, we flee.
>
> True, a new interest we embrace—
> Departing from the norm—
> And with a martial zeal incase
> Ourselves in uniform.
>
> But our defection, dears, is such
> As you'll learn to adore—
> We love you all so very much,
> We'll help you win this War!

In the current "Twentieth Century Authors" my valued correspondent, Earl Walbridge, contributed articles on Hesketh Prichard, the "Don Q" man; Cutliffe Hyne, of "Captain Kettle" fame; (O memories of Stanley Wood and Caton Woodville!) "E. Nesbit"; F. Anstey Guthrie, of "The Tinted Venus," etc.; and also of Henry Longan Stuart, whom I met through 'Gene Saxton years and years ago. "Do you recall," says Earle, "that extraordinary novel of his, 'Weeping Cross'? I read that, 'Sinister Street,' and the *Contes Drôlatiques* all at once in 1915; heady stuff for a sophomore." Earle also tells me that he acquired Prichard's "November Joe" for a dime the other evening; which beats my most recent find of "The King in Yellow," by Robert W. Chambers, for twenty-four cents. Walbridge also passes on an item culled from a British weekly. It is a song supposed to be current at the Carlton Club in London. It goes:

> Stalin is my darling, my darling, my darling;
> Stalin is my darling, the old *melodets*.

"Melodets," we understand, means "old fellow."

Aileen O'Grady (What a wonderful Irish name!) of Springfield, Massachusetts, and Benjamin F. Gronewold, Assistant Professor of English in the College of Education of the University of Wyoming, both think an Educational Number of the *S. R. L.* would be a fine thing—on the teaching of English. Miss O'Grady asks if John Erskine's speech at that banquet of the C. E. A. is available. If it is, and Burges Johnson sees this, will he get me a copy? Professor Gronewold suggests that the *S. R. L.* get Robert Frost, Vincent Millay, Eugene O'Neill, Willa Cather, Ernest Hemingway, Archie MacLeish, and Steve Benét to write for such a number. He remarks, "As an English teacher with over fifteen years experience I have read scores of articles about this subject, but most of these were written by English teachers. It is about time that we enlist poets, dramatists, essayists, and novelists in an effort to do a better job of teaching poetry, drama, essays, and the novel." Well, anyway, it would be a different approach!

Fred B. Millett of the Department of English of Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, who spoke in behalf of the "Return to the Text" movement, in the teaching of English, at the recent C. E. A. round-table, has sent me the following interesting letter, which I am glad to print:

> I enjoyed very much your account of the day we spent at the meeting of the College English Association. I must, however, deny the implication that I conceive of the analytical-critical study of the text of works as limited to an analysis of style. I have just been reading proof on a review of Ransom's "The New Criticism," and the final sentence in that review expresses my position more successfully than my speech apparently did.
>
> "Poetry is not merely form or structure of texture but an experience, an experience of the poet's representation and *interpretation* of his real or imagined world, an experience the value of which—emotional, moral, intellectual—cannot be decided by even the closest critical analysis of form or structure or texture."
>
> I am going to send you, under another cover, an example of the kind of analytical criticism I am trying to train students to do. I think it may interest you.
>
> Like you, I was very much interested in the varied comments on "For Whom the Bell Tolls." What I wish I had said was that if the people commenting had really *read* the book, in my sense of the word, they might have been in a position to make intelligent observations concerning it.

To return to Henry Longan Stuart, his blood was mixed Scotch and Irish, and he was a captain in the Royal Field Artillery during the First World War. "Weeping Cross" was published in this country in 1908. Stuart wrote for *The Freeman,* and many editorials for *The Commonweal.* One of his favorite poems, as I remember, was James Thomson's "The City of Dreadful Night." He was one of the most interesting Catholics I have ever known, a man of great erudition and a most diverting conversationalist. Perhaps his sombreness was due to an intestinal ailment, but also he had a sort of gloomy nobility which is difficult to forget. He was a gentle man and a kind.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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THE ART OF WRITING A WILL

(*Continued from page 9*)

such as the death of beneficiaries, the birth of subsequent children, or the growth or decline of the family fortune.

Although divorce terminates the marriage relationship, it does not of itself repeal a will. Many an ex-spouse has plucked an undeserved and unexpected plum through the failure of the former mate to make a new will. Don't think, however, that you can alter your will merely by scratching out the name of your ex-wife or ex-husband and inserting the name of the new one. Erasures, additions, or deletions may automatically nullify a will. It is possible, of course, to change a will by adding a codicil thereto. But since the codicil must be solemnized by witnesses and with as much formality as the will itself, it is better to start fresh and incorporate all changes in a new, superseding document.

You and your lawyer can't be too careful to express your intentions in crystal-clear language. Avoid ambiguities which might cause contending heirs to fight your will through the courts in search of an interpretation. Don't say, for example, "lineal descendants of my deceased sister," when you specifically mean your own nephews, Charles and John Jones. Vague constructions and loose terminology bring sweat to judicial brows, cost money, and often end by defeating your intentions.

Some things may be omitted from a will, to be taken care of in other ways. For example, if you have life insurance which you intend to go to a specified individual, make the policy payable directly to the individual, rather than to your estate. By this method the proceeds usually (and legitimately) escape taxation. If you want to leave money to an individual, put it in a savings bank account under suitable provisions, such as "John Black in trust for Thomas Black." You may draw that account while you live, but upon your death it becomes the property of "Thomas Black." In such cases, the law of the particular state must be carefully consulted.

How can your will protect your orphan children if you and your wife die in the same accident? Clearly state in your will that in case your husband or wife shall pre-decease you, a "trust" shall be provided for your children. You can place the trust in the hands of a reliable relative with a trust company as alternate. These trustees should receive authority to manage your property in a manner which they consider advantageous to the children. If the income is not sufficient for the care and education of the orphans, the trust should permit within reason the use of some of the principal. Naturally, since your children's future depends upon the judgment and probity of these trustees, you can't be too careful in choosing them.

Since the outbreak of the present war our government has repeatedly reminded all men in the active service of the complications that may ensue in the event of death without a will. Forms are provided for both single and married men. The following general form, subject to modifications to fit special facts, is in use for the married men:

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

All of my estate I give and bequeath to my wife, May Smith, for her own use and benefit forever, and I hereby appoint her my executrix without bond, with full power to sell, mortgage, lease or in any other way dispose of the whole or any part of my estate. Dated March 22, 1942, signed William Smith.

"Subscribed, sealed, published and declared by William Smith, testator above named, as and for his Last Will and Testament in the presence of each of us, who at his request and in his presence, in the presence of each other, at the same time, have subscribed our names as witnesses this 22nd day of March 1942, at Fort Bragg, North Carolina." Then follow the signature of *three* witnesses with their addresses.

Soldiers and sailors *in active service* can make an oral will by simply announcing their wishes in the presence of witnesses. This method should be used only in extreme cases.

It's next to impossible to tell anyone what to put in a will or how to distribute his possessions. The "natural objects of his bounty" as the judicial phrase runs, are usually entitled to first consideration, especially the very old and the dependent. The important thing is to put yourself on record clearly, sensibly, and justly, in a valedictory document that will protect those nearest and dearest to you. For no matter how highly your tombstone lauds you, a sound will, simply constructed, is one of the best and most enduring of human epitaphs.

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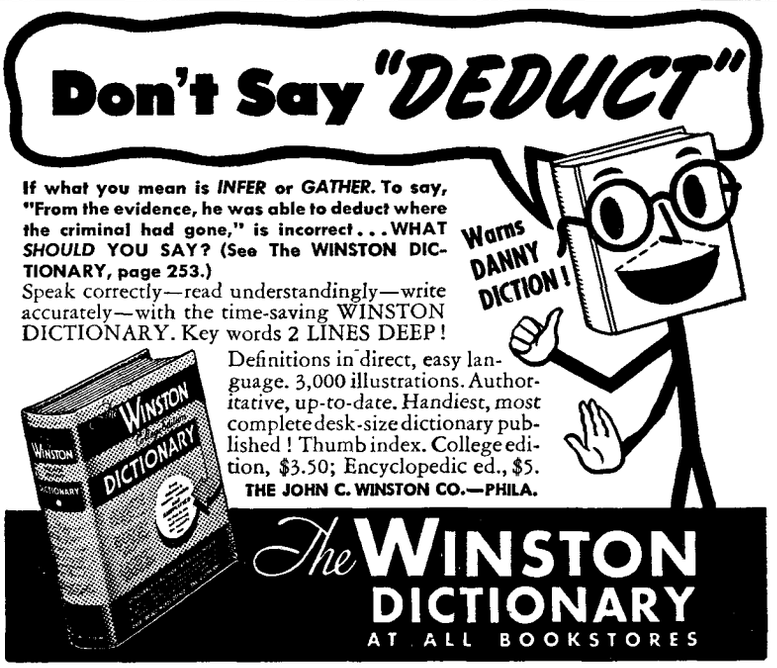
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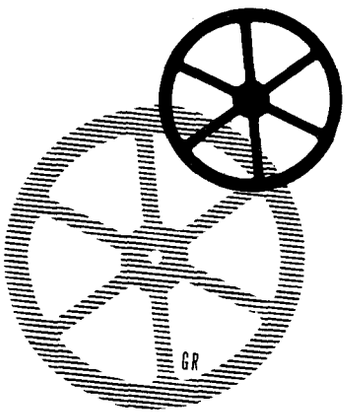
Film Phenomena

IT seems strange that in a world so like a goldfish bowl anything as important as the French Research Foundation can remain hidden from the eyes of the four hundred "activist" journalists of Hollywood, but to date it is quite unheralded.

Charles Boyer had mentioned to me, very modestly, from time to time that he wanted to show me this enterprise of his. However, I brushed him off in that brusque manner a producer acquires while pursuing the existence of first things first and no time for many things worthwhile. Yesterday, with the holiday season about to be previewed, I asked Charles to take me to see the Foundation and with that charm that has wowed them from B. A. to N. Y. (see *Variety* for figures) he readily agreed.

I followed his car (feeling guilty because there was only one occupant in each of our cars—however we were traveling our proper routes home) and soon reached a street I know well. We stopped at a largish building (for California) that I had never noticed before. Apparently it was a remodelled super-bungalow. Enlarged and rebuilt, it was now a two-story building with a façade (quite severe—like Boyer) that was a Gallic version of Spanish California architecture. It was simple, imposing, and dignified. A huge but handsome door promised unusual interest.



The moment you entered, California disappeared and you were in a modern museé in modern Paris. The foyer was typical of the best of literary France. A bust of Condé greeted you.

To the right of the entrance are two charming, spacious offices occupied by André David and Bernard Deroux. The rooms are typically French in furnishings combined with American efficiency. There are large metal filing indexes listing all the books to aid the studios in proper research facilities for any film dealing with any French subject. This is Boyer's way of helping to make films which deal with his country more correct. It is a most practical and cultural way of presenting a part of the United Nations in an exact manner to the rest of the world.

Turning from the private offices on the right we walked through another hall and there was the most striking room in Hollywood; a library of spacious dimensions in exquisite taste with many roomy chairs and couches surrounded by a carefully selected but outstanding French library of eight thousand volumes. The books cover everything but modern fiction. With the meticulous care that means Boyer, double windows have been installed so the sanctum is completely soundproof. The atmosphere and solidity of French intellectual courage are a reminder of the past and a hope for the future. Expressing Charles's other side, the less intellectual niceties of our civilization are hidden away for utilitarian purposes; a frigidaire and the other necessary equipment for service when a reception is to be catered (the room could accommodate one hundred and fifty easily). So far the only gatherings for which this splendid retreat has been used are the French War Relief meetings. Do not get the impression that this room is not at the disposal of the university students as well as the studios. It is and it is used.

Upstairs Charles showed me more offices, not all assigned, and a dark room fully equipped to make photostats, a service of the Foundation because they cannot allow the books to be taken from the buildings as they could not be replaced.

Charles has his own office upstairs. It, too, is filled with books. It is a mammoth, sprawling room full of charming French furniture. Here he relaxes and with a Scotch explains that, if the ceiling does not stop him, he wants to build an adjoining theatre ("a real French one—gold and red like Paris—to be reached by a gallery where we will have art exhibits and lectures in the theatre—then it will be complete"). He has already purchased the property next door which waits calmly with a white fence around it.

I could not help but think how wisely Boyer has solved the problem of helping to improve the films in the field dear to him and what an example he has set for some of the rest of us.

This is Charles Boyer's Sorbonne '18 (philosophy) unknown to the fans.

WALTER WANGER.

[1]

CLEARLY SEEN AND DELIGHTFUL CHARACTERS*

Minnows Dance on a Turning Tide, Uncle Dan noticed. The boy Geoffrey was a minnow, too, in the tides of those turning years . . .

*From Struthers Burt's review

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A novel by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 467)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY:

THOROFARE

*I got into my dressing gown here . . . and I feel better. After all, a dressing gown is the most spiritual present anyone can give. It wraps the mind in and the world out in the hours when one most needs to make friends with one's self. . . .

*One wonders to what a collection of dressing gowns from friends this might lead!

E. S. K.

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The Crostics Club

CAROLINE LOCKWOOD, Topsfield, Mass., in wondering how I knew enough about Eutaw Springs to include it in a DC, continues: "It is on our plantation and we used to take our guests to point out with pride the site of the battlefield; but no matter how well-educated they supposedly were, we always had to tell them about it. The creek is a lovely thing—clear water the color of jade over a limestone bottom with fish swimming in and out of the waving green weeds, and turtles slipping off logs, all arched over with numerous cypress trees." Then she has a good word to say about the "care-defying pleasure our DCs give including the new words which in the end always justify themselves."—I learned about the Battle in American History senior year in high school, and was reminded of it more recently as among the historical romances of William Gilmore Simms, prolific South Carolinian "Cooper" of the South.

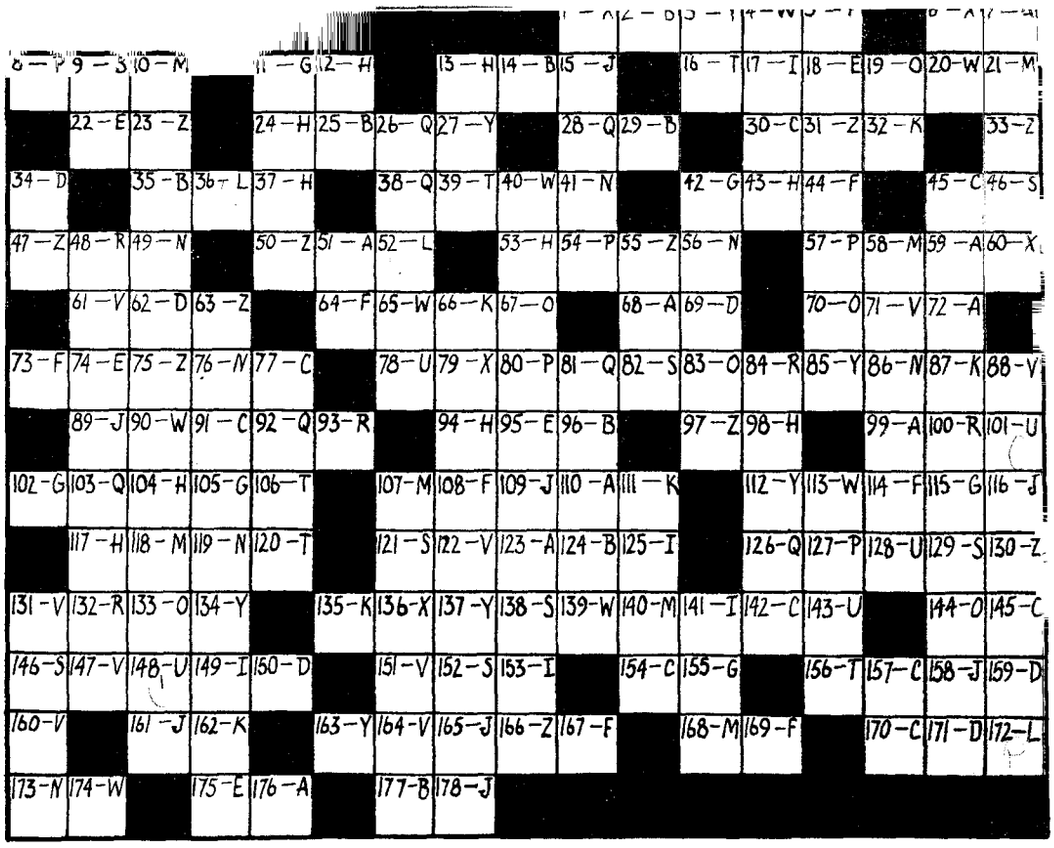
David E. Moeser and his wife, Boston, who find the making of DCs a fascination, want to be included as "retailers" in my general classification of professional and business puzzlers. Into our professional class enters Professor E. K. Rand, long of the Classical Languages Department of Harvard, who says that DCs often tempt him from duty but he invariably profits by the temptation. It was doubly exciting to hear from Dr. Rand, for it brought to mind his lovely wife, who was my Head in the volunteer Canteen Service in the Harvard Yard in 1918. When they asked me to take charge of cigarette sales I struck as encouraging bad and spendthrift habits, so they generously gave me candy to sell to the rookies instead. How times have changed!

"The Philosopher of Folly's Column" is the shrewd and creative name of the column run by Ted Robinson in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. We are proud to know that he likes our homely infant.

Hugh Thomas Miller, Columbus, Indiana, though only seventy-six, having done all of the *SRL* DCs, looks forward to ultimate membership in the octogenarian and even the nonagenerian group; the Misses M. and N. Hill, Austin, Texas, do them in collaboration as an interesting chore; Harold F. Smith, Kalispell, Montana, an old hand, talks of the gory details of his triumphs; Helen M. Hayes, *Nebraska State Journal*, Lincoln, has found enchantment in DCs these five years. All these are subjects for Mr. Delmont's statistics.

Belated gardening thought (for a DC): Horace, in one of his satires bemoaning urban crowds, longs to get back to his farm to the lure of beans and greens larded with bacon. Even in these rationing days would such a fare lure you?

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 468

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 22 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. The demon who causes nightmare (Gr. Myth.)

B. A bed-rest for the limbs used in tropical countries (East Indies) (2 wds.)

C. A defeat with the loser scoreless.

D. Goddess of yearly crops (Rom. Antiq.)

E. Kind of wooden receptacle for maple sap.

F. A long time (Colloq.—2 wds.)

G. Plastic; unstable.

H. Continuation of the sense in a phrase beyond the end of a verse (Pros.)

I. American poet and novelist (1880-).

J. Act of bailing a person, or the bail given (Law).

K. Noted game-fish of the Gulf of Mexico—not often eaten.

L. Informed; wise (slang).

M. Members of an ascetic communistic brotherhood of Jews in Palestine (B.C. 2nd Cent.)

N. Anything very small or insignificant.

O. A Negro or black man.

P. European capital.

Q. Deposits as a chattel.

R. Discordant; harsh.

S. Mild and gracious.

T. Trimly tidy (colloq.)

U. Poem—a study of the Negro race—by Vachel Lindsay (with *The*).

V. Noisy revelry (2 wds.)

W. Moving; before it strikes the ground (phrase).

X. Enwraps (with *up*).

Y. Accursed.

Z. Fleet (comp.-adj.)

WORDS

72 99 51 7 123 59 68 110 176

96 25 35 9 14 177 124 2 29

45 170 142 77 145 154 91 30 157

171 34 150 69 159 62

74 22 18 175 95

44 169 73 167 114 64 108

105 42 102 11 115 155

37 43 24 94 117 104 53 98 12 15

149 17 141 153 125

165 178 89 116 15 109 158 161

32 87 111 135 162 66

36 52 172

58 168 140 10 107 118 21

173 86 56 49 119 76 41

67 70 19 133 83 144

127 80 5 57 54 8

92 81 126 103 28 26 38

48 100 84 93 132

46 129 138 121 82 146 152

16 39 120 156 106

148 101 143 78 128

71 164 122 61 151 147 88 160 131

65 40 20 113 4 139 90 174

79 1 60 136 6

137 134 163 85 27 112 3

13 97 31 130 50 23 33 55 47 75 14

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19 43

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